

HAWAIIAN MESSAGE.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TRANSMITTED TO CONGRESS.

Everything is sent to Congress except that which they have already received and a dispatch from Minister Stevens dated October 8, 1892.

All Now Laid Bare.

President Cleveland has sent to Congress the correspondence in the Hawaiian trouble that has not previously been submitted. Mr. Cleveland makes no recommendations, contenting himself with a simple message of transmittal, in which he explains that the dispatches hitherto withheld are now given publicly with one exception. His communication is as follows:

To the Congress:
I transmit herewith copies of all dispatches from our minister at Hawaii relating in any way to political affairs in that country except such as have been heretofore laid before Congress. I also transmit a copy of the last dispatch sent to the Hawaiian government, dated Dec. 12, 1893, being the only instructions to him not already sent to the Congress. In transmitting certain correspondence with my message dated Dec. 12, 1893, I withheld a dispatch from our present minister to Hawaii, dated Nov. 16, 1893, and also a dispatch from our former minister numbered 70 and dated Oct. 1, 1892. Inasmuch as the contents of the dispatch of Nov. 16, 1893, are referred to in the dispatches of a more recent date now transmitted to Congress, and inasmuch as there seems no longer to be sufficient reason for withholding said dispatches, I now transmit them with this message. The dispatch numbered 70 and dated Oct. 1, 1892, is still withheld for the reason that such a course still appears to be justifiable and proper.

The first piece of correspondence is a letter from Willis to Gresham dated Honolulu, Nov. 16, 1893. Willis states that on Monday, Nov. 13, the queen visited him and he made known to her the President's regret that she had been deposed and that the Hawaiian government was a puppet of the United States, and his hope that the wrong might be redressed. He then made known the conditions of her restoration; but she said that the persons concerned in her overthrow would be beheaded and their property confiscated, as was the law. Willis then said: "I have no further communication to make to you now, and will have some until I hear from my government." Further on Willis says: "As to the Queen's safety, I do not have any fear at present. There is a telephone in my sleeping room and I have asked her people to call me up at any hour of the night or day. She also has the privilege, as stated in previous dispatches, of coming here, or of going out of our residence at any time. She has had no interview with the Queen or her representatives since the one of Nov. 13.

The letter dated Honolulu, Dec. 14, which acknowledges the receipt of instructions by the Corwin, is spoken of further on. The President's message among other observations Willis says: "The excitement consequent upon the unexpected arrival of the Corwin is intense throughout the city. The President's message, which was published this morning, has increased the excitement, but has no immediate outbreak will occur."

In a letter dated Dec. 18, Willis says that on Dec. 16 he had an interview with the Queen and her advisers. Under date of Dec. 20, Willis, in a confidential dispatch says when he secured the Queen's consent to the terms of restoration, then for the first time he made his proposition known to the Provisional Government.

In a letter dated Dec. 8, Willis states that C. B. Wilson, one of the Queen's supporters, called on him and handed him what he termed "A method of procedure upon restoration of the Queen."

It provides: 1. A proclamation by the Queen's government of her re-assumption of the control of the government of the Hawaiian Islands. 2. The appointment of a commander-in-chief and staff. 3. A proclamation of the martial law and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. 4. The calling upon all the loyal citizens and well-wishers of the government, to register their names at the office for enrollment of volunteers.

The final instructions sent to Willis by the Mariposa say that he has righted the President's instructions. That the President's regret that the failure of the provisional government to acquiesce in his conclusions constrains him to reach and submit a measure of justice to the Hawaiians and their despoiled sovereign. The instructions say that the President has the executive claimed the right to act as arbitrator between the constitutional or provisional government.

Wants Pay for Her Throne.
A San Francisco paper contains the following from Honolulu:
Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has entirely abandoned all hope of regaining the throne of Hawaii and is now waiting for the opportunity to leave the islands for good. She comes from a source which makes it absolutely trustworthy. Her claim for damages will be made out of the ground that she was deposed solely by the armed force of the United States, acting under the advice and direction of Minister Cleveland. It is well known among the leading royalists that a revolutionary war has been waged for some time against the Hawaiian throne, and the ex-Queen as partial return for the loss of her position. What action she has taken in the matter has not been learned here. Her identity is closely concealed.

Thoughts of Great Men.
DEATH is an eternal sleep—Ponche. Placed by his own gates of the French cemeteries in 1794.
I LOVE men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.—Queen Christina of Sweden.
All these men have their price.—Robert Walpole. Spoken of the opposition in the House of Commons.
AFTER thunder follows rain.—Socrates, when Xanthippe emptied a basin of slops from a window on his head.
From the summit of the pyramids forty centuries look down upon you.—Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids.
It is only the first step that costs.—Mme. du Deffand, in a letter to Horace Walpole.
LOVE never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—Mlle. Ninon de Lenclos.
I DISLIKE monkeys; they always remind me of poor relations.—Henry Luttrel.

WE have made a compact with death.—Claude Bazire, French Revolutionist.
I CAN drive a coach and six through every act of Parliament.—Daniel O'Connell.

A GEORGIA SUGAR BOILING.

Simple Charms of a Rustic Treat Which the Native Find Full of Sweet Delight.

When the frosts begin to tinge the leaves the young people of Southern Georgia are on the alert for news of the first sugar boiling. Many a gay straw ride is arranged and plantations far and near are visited, for no distance is too great and no roads too rough to deprive them of a pleasure so peculiarly their own.

To a Northerner the scene has all the charm of novelty. Great stacks of sugar cane are piled round a grinding mill, which is propelled by horse power and fed by a couple of negroes who, with great rapidity, handle the long stalks, which are quickly crushed to pieces, the juice escaping through a narrow channel into large barrels prepared for it. This juice of a sickly greenish color and to a Yankee tastes as sickly as it looks, but the natives consider it nectar fit for the gods, and their liking for it is strongly in evidence as gobletful after gobletful disappears.

A few yards distant from the mill is an immense caldron, under which a great fire is kept burning. Into this juice is poured, and after about three hours boiling it is run off into a trough, a rich brown syrup.

It is at night the scene assumes its most interesting aspect. The surrounding darkness is intensified by the deep glow of the oak fire, which throws fantastic shadows and gives a weird look to the figures of the negroes, who hover around like uncanny spirits.

The presiding genius of the caldron is one plantation was a coal black African, whose grotesque appearance was heightened by a peculiar head-gear made of carpet. As, armed with a long handled ladle, he stirred the foaming syrup, which spluttered and hissed and leaped in brown cataracts, one could almost imagine him a wizard of fairy lore, muttering dire incantations over some deadly potion.

A torch, dimly seen through clouds of vapor, cast a feeble light on the boiler and lent an additional strangeness to the scene.

As soon as the syrup is run off the visitors cluster round the trough like bees round a honey pot. Each has a "paddle," which is a strip of cane bark, and all scoop up the rich yellow foam which floats on top of the syrup. Unlike the juice, the foam wins its way into favor at once, and very ridiculous it is to see the daintiest damsel contentedly sipping out of a trough with twenty or thirty people and enjoying every sip which lands its way to her little red mouth.

The skimmings of the syrup are put into a barrel. About the third day fermentation begins, and the result is cane beer, a very agreeable beverage.

A New Form of Hash.

How to get rid of scraps of meat and small amounts of food that will accumulate in the refrigerator, was solved by my John, when I was too ill to be out of my bed, and had no help. He brought me a small amount of a very appetizing dish, and when I insisted on knowing what it was, he said, "Norwegian hash," and so we have called it ever since. As the receipt differs according to what I have in hand, I tell you how I made it last week. I had a little roast meat and some gravy, a mutton chop, a slice of fried liver, two links of smoked sausage, one Hamburg meat ball, some potato that had been fried raw, three boiled potatoes, one sweet one, about two dozen Lima beans, and a tomato. I ground them all through my meat grinder, adding an onion, salt, and pepper to taste. Make it up in any shape you please—round cakes, croquettes, cylinders. Whatever I happen to have I use, but always trying to have some to-matoes and some smoked meat, such as a ham or dried beef. If I do not have gravy, I make a little white sauce with butter and flour, and add enough to make them hold together. If I want them very nice I dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry them as I would croquettes. I have never had any one taste them, and not like them, and they are never twice alike, as one never has just the same left over. Scraps are not inviting warmed over by themselves, but will make the foundation of a good meal if used in this way.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

Numerous experiments with roasted coffee prove that it is the most powerful means not only for rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the cleaning out of the dung pit, so that sulphurated hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be completely detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were prematurely cleared of the smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the dung pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the bean, pound in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown when it is fit to use. The sprinkle it in sinks or cess-pools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.—Merchants' Review.

People are so much alike, they should be better friends.

FIFTEEN ARE KILLED.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY WRECK IN NEW JERSEY.

Two Trains on the Lackawanna and Western Collide—Cars Filled with Persons En Route to New York to Work Are Smashed Into Pieces.

Signals Could Not Be Seen.

There was a frightful accident on Monday morning on the west side of the Hackensack bridge, on the Morris and Essex branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The train which leaves Roseville, N. J., at eight o'clock crashed into the rear of the Dover express, a sleeping car. Fifteen passengers in the two cars were killed and at least twenty-five terribly injured.

Both of the trains that came into collision were bound for the Jersey City ferry landing. The Dover express, which is due at Jersey City at 8:20 o'clock, was steaming slowly over the meadows toward the draw-bridge over the Hackensack River. The fog was so dense that the engineer could not see fifty feet ahead, and was proceeding with extreme caution. The train had distributed on the track in the rear of the train warning torpedoes, and all precautions were taken to prevent the Orange local train, following a few moments behind the express, from running into the latter train.

Disregarded the Signals.
The engineer of the Orange train either did not hear the torpedoes or see the signals or else ignored them, for just as the engineer of the Dover express reached the bridge the Orange train, which was running at full speed, crashed into it with terrific force. The engine of the Orange train smashed the two rear cars of the Dover train into pieces and plowed over the passengers, who by the force of the collision had been hurled from their seats, only to be crushed to death by the wheels of the Orange engine. The rear car on the Dover train was a combination smoker and baggage car, and the one in front of that an ordinary day coach. Every seat in both coaches was occupied by persons on their way to work. There was a number of passengers in the baggage car, the passengers in the smoker had little chance to escape. They had no warning of the crash. Those in the day coach had a better opportunity. They were awakened, however, and crowded to the front doors, with the guard of the Orange train engine only a few feet away. Most of those killed and injured were in the smoking car, and as the great engine crashed into the car among them they were tombed over by the heavy iron guard and those who were killed were crushed to death, literally ground to pieces.

Shrieks of Injured and Dying.
When the engine was finally stopped the shrieks of the passengers and the moans of the injured and dying filled the air, mingled with which was a loud hiss of escaping steam. It was some moments before those who were unhurt had sufficiently recovered enough presence of mind to turn their attention to the injured, dying and dead. Almost every person in the two rear cars had been fatally and some were seriously injured. How many were killed could not at first be learned. The widest reports of the extent of the disaster were soon current. The only warning that the passengers in the rear car had came from half a dozen men who were on the rear platform. A brakeman who had been sent back to warn the Orange train rushed up to the men on the platform less than 100 feet ahead of the oncoming engine of death and called out: "Jump for your lives."

All of the passengers on the platform escaped. The baggage-handler in the baggage car and the express messenger also heard his warning cry and sprang through the side door just as the engine of the local train—which was running at a rate of twenty miles an hour—crashed into it.

It was fully five minutes after the crash before the passengers on the two trains could realize the full extent of the catastrophe. Then came the greatest confusion imaginable. The train hands led the passengers to the work of rescue. Three mangled bodies were pulled out of the wreck within ten minutes. The passengers crowded about and rendered valuable service in caring for the injured. Several men who attempted to assist fainted upon seeing the sickening condition of the bodies dragged out from under the wreck.

A call was sent to Jersey City for doctors, ambulances and caskets. A relief train was sent to the scene from Hoboken, and thirty physicians arrived from that place and Jersey City. One by one the injured were taken out and placed in the cars. They were sent to the Christ and St. Mary hospitals in Hoboken. The bodies of the dead were removed to the morgue. Coroner Volk had been notified and took charge of them as soon as he arrived.

This and That.

Undoing a wrong is quite as creditable as doing right.

There are 6,000,000 leaves upon an elm tree thirty feet high.

The surface of Lake Superior is 602 feet above the ocean's level.

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.—G. W. Curtis.

On the issue of 3,000,000 of Columbian postage stamps, 1,200,000 remain unsold.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.—Johnson.

FRANCE now has 448,000 places for the sale of liquor, an increase of nearly 90,000 in twenty years.

Plowing a horse with a big sore on his shoulder is a poor indication of a sound moral character.

The man who always seeks the most comfortable seat in church is not at all the most religious.

It is stated that ordinary bricks boiled in tar for about twelve hours, or until they are saturated with it, are increased about 30 per cent. in weight, and are much harder than common ones, and unaffected by frost and acids, as well as perfectly waterproof. They form an excellent flooring for workshops or storerooms, particularly in chemical establishments.

COLLEGE GIRLS' FUN.

A Lot of Frenchwomen Give a Sensational Rise to the Venerable President.

"They may talk about the college boys and their hazings and tricks, but for real genuine fun you can't beat the college girls," said a young Frenchwoman the other day to a reporter for the New York Advertiser. "Last year—you know the men's college is right near our seminary, and so they call on us every evening—the president made a new rule.

"He declared that we must dismiss our guests at 9:30 and we decided we would not do it. After a great deal of plotting and planning we hit upon a delightful plan, and it was a great success. The boys secured a big basket and two ropes and a pulley for us, and this we hid during the day and at night fastened two great hooks on the sill of our study window. The boys sent up their cards in the basket and then, after inspecting them with a lantern to make sure they were not burglars, we hauled them up.

"During the night the grave and dignified president, caught us and planned a little surprise for us. He found one of the boys' cards in our rooms and placed it in the basket. It worked beautifully, and we hauled him half way up before anyone thought of using the lantern.

"Then Miss Flyaway held it out the window and took a peep at him. One glance at the spectacled and baldhead was enough. It was lucky for that president that we did not let him fall to the ground in our horror and amazement, but we held on to the rope until we decided what to do.

"We couldn't let him down again; he would only come up and catch us and we couldn't drop him, bad as he was, and we certainly didn't intend to help him carry out his plan by hauling him up, so we compromised by securing the ropes and letting him hang there in midair.

"He begged and implored to be let down, offered us any bribe we could wish for and wasted more eloquence on us in that first hour than he did during his yearly lectures. But we had no visitors that night. He amused us and we wanted revenge, so we let him hang.

"He tried to jump, to climb down the wall and up on the rope, but failed in everything. At last he howled, yelled like an Indian, till everyone in the town was aroused, and even the boys turned out to see the terror of their worst nightmare, crimson with rage, suspended in mid-air in a clothes basket."

In Japan.

A new disease is reported to have broken out in Japan. You are walking along, feeling perfectly well, and suddenly you are seized with a violent cramp. You fall down, gasping, howling, never, no particular pain; but when you have leisure to examine yourself you find, to your horror, that a slit an inch or an inch and a half in length, and about an inch deep, has opened in your arm or your leg. In a short time the wound begins to bleed and becomes very painful. You are in no special danger of your life, it appears, but the mysterious wound is very difficult to cure, and you will be lucky if it heals in six months.

The people naturally attribute the malady to malignant spirits, and as the European doctors are unable to give any more satisfactory explanation of its cause, the efforts at prevention are at present confined to the making of incantations, the burning of fragrant incense, and the sacrifice of fowls. These are not reported to be very efficacious.

Tricks of Trade.

As everyone knows, A. T. Stewart was a man of shrewd and original ideas. During the early days of his mercantile career, his store was situated near those of a fashionable jeweler and hatter. The canny Scotchman noticed every day that there were private carriages standing in front of these stores, while the occupants were inside, and there were seldom any in front of his store. Private carriages were conspicuous in New York at that time, for there were few of them. Stewart wanted them to stand in front of his place as an advertisement. It would give the impression that the occupants, who represented the wealth of New York, were inside buying goods. He hit upon a scheme that kept a row of private carriages in front of his store all day. He paid the driver of each carriage a shilling a day to drive up to his door and wait there until they were wanted.

Various Sources of Sugar.

The plant which supplies the most sugar for human use is the beet; next comes the sugar cane, and these two excel all others. The hard maple, however, produces a large quantity of very pleasant sugar. The soft maple and the box elder produce a whiter but a poorer sugar. There are many species of palms which yield a juice almost as rich as that of the tropical sugar cane, and much purer. Clarified sugar palm sap is as clear as spring water. The wild date palm produces the most sugar. Sugar has been made from watermelons, and even from the American field corn, but not profitably. Sorghum is a most promising sugar plant. It is, undoubtedly, the Northern sugar cane, and when better sugar producing varieties have been selected, the manufacture of sorghum sugar will certainly prove a large and profitable industry.

Nell's Observation.

Little Nell, dining with the grown-up members of the family, gazes contemplatively at each one in turn, then remarks slowly: "All the ladies has they bangs over they noses and all the gentlemen has they bangs under they noses."—Harper's Bazar.

BONDS TO BE ISSUED.

SECRETARY CARLISLE CALLS FOR PROPOSALS.

The Total Is \$50,000,000 and the Securities Will Bear Interest at the Rate of Five Per Cent. Redeemable in Ten Years.—In Denominations of \$50 and Upward.

Must Be at a Premium.

The long-delayed but inevitable recognition by the Treasury Department of the necessity for an issue of bonds to meet the demands of the government and to maintain its credit at home and abroad was made when Secretary Carlisle issued a circular inviting proposals for \$50,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after ten years, and to be issued in denominations of \$50 and upwards. The 5 per cent. bonds were finally preferred to either the 4 or the 4 per cent. bonds because of the possibility of redeeming them at maturity.

The convenient control over them given the government in case it might be desired to continue them at a lower rate when the ten years had expired. The following is the text of the circular:

By virtue of the authority contained in the act entitled "An Act to Provide for the Redemption of Specie Payments," approved Jan. 14, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury hereby offers for public subscription an issue of bonds of the United States to the amount of \$50,000,000, and in either registered or coupon form, in denominations of \$50 and upward, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the government at ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Proposals for the whole or any part of these bonds will be received at the Treasury Department, office of the Secretary, until 12 o'clock noon, on the first day of February, 1894.

Proposals should state the amount of bonds desired, whether registered or coupon, and the premium which the subscriber proposes to pay. Failure to specify the above particulars may cause the proposal to be rejected.

As soon as practicable, after the first day of February, when the amount of bonds will be made to the highest bidder, but no proposal will be considered at a lower price than 117.23, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent. bond at par, and the right to reject any and all proposals is reserved. The date of delivery of the bonds will be sent to the subscribers to whom allotments are made as soon as practicable, within ten days from the date of such allotment. Subscriptions must be paid in United States gold or in United States treasury notes, and the subscriber designated, and if not so paid the proposal will be rejected.

The bonds will be dated Feb. 1, 1894, and when payment is made thereon, as above, according to the terms of the proposal, the interest on the bonds will be paid at the rate of interest realized to the subscriber on the investment will be added. All proposals should be addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., and should be distinctly marked "proposals for subscriptions to 5 per cent. bonds."

Secretary Carlisle's announcement that no proposal will be considered at a lower rate than 117.23 will make the bonds pay 3 per cent. on the investment, during the time they run. The premium is lower in the case of bonds than on the fifteen-year bonds at 4 per cent., reduced to 3 per cent. at maturity. The price of the \$15 for fifteen years, with semi-annual payments of interest, would be 118.01, and the 4 per cent. for thirty years, 119.69. The present call for \$50,000,000 will increase the Treasury balance, with the premium, by about \$10,000,000 and make the total \$143,000,000.

SHOWS WORLD'S FAIR FACTS.

President Palmer Presents His Annual Report to President Cleveland.

The annual report of the World's Columbian Commission has been submitted to President Cleveland by President R. W. Palmer. Detailed statistics of the scope and various features of the Exposition are left for the final report, to be prepared by a special committee of the commission, with President Palmer at its head, and which will be a work of great magnitude, practically a history of the fair, to be completed next November.

An estimate of \$42,500 to complete the work of the commission, not including the committee on awards, is made, and congress is asked to make its transfer from the funds of the commission on awards and Board of Lady Managers. The commission has a balance of \$11,000 in the treasury, the committee on awards \$96,273, and the committee on awards of the lady managers \$40,539; present Board of Lady Managers, \$51,190.

"LORD" BRESFORD, who was convicted in Rome, Ga., last year of forgery and sentenced to serve five years in the State penitentiary, escaped from the convict camp at Kramer. He boarded a train for Florida, and it is supposed, has made his arrangements to sail from a Southern port to England.

S. H. Hart and Frank Dinsmore, President and Cashier of the defunct Buckley Bank of the State of Washington, have been held to the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore in \$5,000 bail. The case will now go to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va.

C. W. Gibbs, arrived in New Orleans from Honduras, says Maj. A. E. Burke had told him he would return to the United States to stand trial on the charge of embezzling \$3,000,000 from the funds of Louisiana.

1880. 1894. FOURTEEN YEARS' TRADE.

Has given us the knowledge of the requirements of the people of this section of the State, and we are prepared as never before to show you the most complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever exhibited in Northern Michigan, at prices which we know will be satisfactory.

Our Spring and Summer Styles

OF DRY GOODS

Will be on hand in advance of the season, giving ample opportunity for careful selection.

Our Grocery Department,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing, Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Stoves and Ranges,

Crockery and Glassware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,

Will be filled with Purest and Best Goods.

HAY, OATS AND FEED. WOOD, COAL AND LUMBER, EVERYTHING IN LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES,

PIONEER STORE

SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:15 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John Irwin, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. CHURCH—Rev. A. Hentzky, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m., and every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Willis, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 6:30 p.m. Sunday school at 2 p.m.

ST. JAMES CATHOLIC CHURCH—Father H. Weber, Regular services the last Sunday in each month.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 385, F. & A. M. meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, before the fall of the moon. R. D. CONNOR, W. M.

A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. W. WOODBURY, Post Com.

A. TAYLOR, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. LUCY JONES, President.

REBECCA WRIGHT, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 123. Meets every third Tuesday at 8 o'clock in the evening. Wm. PRINGLE, H. P.

A. TAYLOR, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137. Meets every Tuesday evening.

C. O. McCULLOUGH, N. G.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 116. Meets alternate Friday evenings.

W. McCULLOUGH, C. P.

S. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.

CRAWFORD TENT, K. O. T. M., No. 102. Meets every Saturday evening.

G. S. DYER, Com. C.

T. NOLEN, R. E.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, No. 33, meets Monday evening on or before the full of the moon.

MARY L. STALEY, W. M.

ADA M. GROUPOFF, Sec.

PORTAGE LODGE, K. of P., No. 141. Meets first and third Wednesday of each month.

MARTIN HANSON, C. C.

J. HARTWICK, K. of M. and S.

COURT GRAYLING, I. O. F., No. 700. Meets second and last Wednesday of each month.

G. W. SMITH, C. R.

T. NARRIN, R. S.

WAGNER CAMP, S. O. F. V., No. 143. Meets first and third Saturday of each month.

L. J. PATTERSON, Captain.

ED. BELL, 1st Sergeant.

GRAYLING HIVE, No. 24, L. O. T. M.—Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month.

SARAH M. WOODFIELD, Lady Com.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The waiter girl is willing to marry while she waits.

A baby always helps to make home happy—particularly when the baby is asleep.

If the people give to the anarchist just what he clamors for he will feel sorely hurt over it.

This is the time of the year when the farm hand, returning from the dance, falls asleep on the railroad track and the early milk train does therest.

Forty British troops were "massacred" by the Matabele. Let us see, what is the correct word to use when 3,000 Matabele are put to death with Maxim guns?

FALL RIVER, MASS., is a decaying village. It used to boast of a stirring murder every few weeks. Now it has to be content with the efforts of a venerable firebug.

A DETROIT baker was found dead with his head and shoulders buried in a mass of dough. There was an inquiry into the cause of death, but what the Detroit people most want to know is what became of the dough.

How insignificant a decayed tooth looks after it is out! When it was at home and busy at work it felt as big as a meeting-house, but after it has been kicked out of doors it looks so small that it seems like effrontery to tender it to the dentist in payment for his services.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say, for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similarity of circumstances—these are the things that begin attachment.

THESE anarchists are not a very valiant crowd after all. The desire to redeem mankind is not strong enough to overcome their love of life. Codina, who threw the bomb in the Liceo Theater, says that he had intended to throw two, but he saw a detective watching him after the first had done its execution, and he sneaked away with the missile hidden under his coat.

FRANK WYATT, a Chicago newspaper man, riding in a street car, drew his revolver and made two thieves give back the goods they had just taken from a fellow passenger. Indolent so he was guilty of carrying concealed weapons, breach of the peace, assault with intent to kill, and, so far as the thieves are concerned, with grand larceny and highway robbery. Which illustrates the difference between law and justice.

CHANG, the Chinese giant, was buried recently at Bournemouth. The coffin was nearly eight feet six inches long. A Congregational minister conducted the service. He leaves two sons who are of normal height. His wife, who was English, died a little while ago. The great point about Chang was that he was a genuine giant, well built, and well proportioned. He had a face of the typical Chinese wisdom and benevolence, and bore himself with the greatest courtesy and dignity.

REPORTS from Brazil seem to indicate that Admiral Mello is eager to have the Niteroy squadron come and attack him, while the commander of that terrifying aggregation of extemporized men-of-war is thirsting for blood and also eagerly awaiting attack. It is this policy of awaiting the attack of the enemy and firmly refusing to go and seek him which enables our sanguinary neighbors to the southward to conduct frequent wars without in any degree increasing the death rate in their country.

NEW YORK JOURNAL: Very genteel fellows, those train robbers out West! They apologize to engineers for the trouble of halting their locomotives; and while they harvest the gold watches and diamond pins of the incautious travelers they remark: "We are poor workmen and must have shoes to wear." Evidently this formula is borrowed from the Spanish brigands, who invariably begin with the remark: "We are poor men, Senors," as if that were an all-sufficient excuse. The workmen of the Mississippi Valley should hunt down the villains who are injuring them by claiming to be "honest" tollers.

ONE of the strangest diseases known to mankind is the uncontrollable desire to alter signs, thereby turning the most staid and sober inscriptions into the most ridiculous twaddle. Although largely restricted to small boys the affliction sometimes clings even after man's estate has been reached. All the passenger coaches on the Philadelphia and Reading Road bear inscriptions which read: "Passengers must keep off the platform until the train stops." Many of these, by a little ingenious rubbing, have been made to read: "Passengers must keep off the platform until the rain stops." From the fact that a large number of the signs have been doctored in precisely the same manner the supposition

naturally is that they have all been altered by the same person. Here is a subject for a specialist on brain disorders.

The State of New York has a law requiring examiners to go through thousands of papers about this time at Albany, the authors being under 18. One of the themes on which an essay was asked was "Macbeth." A paper on this subject was short and to the point. Macbeth was pronounced a wicked man who had killed the whole Duffy family. It is needless to say that the writer was a young tiger who got a little ancient history mused in a mysterious way around the lonely figure of a well known political character in New York, an ornament to the bench, Justice Duffy. The failure of New York to do the right thing about monuments showed in a paper on Nathan Hale. The writer unhesitatingly declared that Nathan had just been celebrated by the unfurling of two monuments. It is historical knowledge and literary skill like this that is going to adorn future statesmen of New York.

As THIS Pole hates the Russian, as the German hates the Pole, as the Spaniard hates the German, as the Portuguese hates the Spaniard, so, with the increased vehemence of family aversions, does the Norwegian hate his brother, the Swede. Years ago Sweden united Norway to itself on a footing highly honorable to the smaller country. Ever since they the terms of the understanding have been subjects of dispute. Norway desires to retain the right of forming alliances and of declaring war on foreign powers for its own parliament. This would make the suzerainty of the Swedish king purely nominal. The Norwegians are ultra-democratic. The Swedes are aristocratic by nature and tradition. It is only a question of time when another collision will come, unless the great powers, themselves at swords points with each other, step in and play the role of peacemaker between the two ill-mated partners.

The anti-tax war in Sicily has assumed proportions so formidable that 36,000 troops of the third section of one army class not previously under arms for some years have been ordered there in addition to the large regular contingent stationed in the island. This means fierce suppression of the revolt. Sicily has a population exceeding 3,000,000, four-fifths of them unable to read or write, living for the most part on small tillage and reduced to desperation by octroi and other taxes. Revolutionary demagogues have found quick sympathy among the victims of triple alliance extravagance, and arms have been imported during the past summer at a rate that meant a rising if not checked in time. The King is evidently going to give the check now, but if he pin the island down with a bayonet he cannot collect any taxes. The land cannot be worked without labor, and the sullen Italian, menaced by soldiers, will not work. The situation is serious enough, and collisions between the troops and people are likely to inflame other parts of the kingdom instead of quieting a discontent profound and universal.

The thousands of Chicagoans who found intellectual enjoyment in examining the priceless exhibit of Pope Leo in the Convent of La Rabida at the World's Fair will be pleased to learn that efforts are now being made to secure many, if not all, the features of that exhibit for the Columbian Museum. The willingness of the Pope to donate a part of the exhibit encouraged the museum directors to ask for all of it. The assistance of Cardinal Gibbons has been enlisted, and already he has begun correspondence with the Pope. There is no estimating the value, either financial or educational, of the Vatican exhibit. It was the most interesting of La Rabida's contents. It consists of rare historical documents pertaining to the discovery of America; pictures; ancient tomes, etc. For centuries they had lain in the archives of the Vatican, and only by courtesy of the Pope, whose intense interest in the great Exposition was manifested in so many ways, were they permitted to be removed for public inspection. Duplicates of several articles are not to be found in any of the world's museums, which makes them more desirable for the Columbian Museum. It is sincerely hoped that the efforts of the directors, aided by Cardinal Gibbons, will result in success.

Visiting Cards. The Chinese, who seem to have known most of our new ideas, use visiting cards 1,000 years ago; but their cards were very large, and not really the prototypes of our visiting cards, as they were on soft paper and tied with ribbon. Venice seems to have been the first city in Europe to use cards; some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century are preserved in a museum there. The German cities followed the Venetian custom in 100 years or so, then London followed suit, for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were playing cards or parts of such cards, bearing the name of the bestower on the back. They were first used in England about 1700. We do not know when they were first used in this country, probably not long after their first introduction into British society.

Tattooing in Japan. The Japanese tattooers do not produce in colors an exact photograph of any cherished friend whose image the tattooed person may desire to have constantly with him.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST THINGS IN DRESS.

The Young Matron Is the One Upon Whom the Least Restriction Falls—She May Adopt All Daring Devices and New Fads.

Catharine Fashion Gossip. New York correspondent.

NEVER before were the requirements and limitations of a woman's age so carefully looked after as in the present fashions, and those outlined for the immediate future. In a very general way, extreme simplicity of material belongs to the maid, the very young girl and the debutante. Elaboration of certain sorts may go with these materials in their making. The deity bud may wear a gown of the simplest mousseline de soie, chiffon or even muslin or batiste. It may be one mist of tiny frills, a wonder of lace insertion, the lace being of light and filmy kind, or it may be overwrought with line on line of baby ribbon. But the colors should all be delicate, the materials all simple. Natural flowers may be used, but let them be forget-me-nots, or mignonette

in her choice of materials, and in the third picture there is shown a sample of how freely she may use lace and not oversteer the bounds of good taste. Here the rich shoulder gar-



FRILLED AND BATTLEMENTED

or any small flower that bunches prettily. For her street gowns, she should choose any smooth cloth or serge. It must be a solid color and dull tan, pale mode, or any of the dark shades are

A more youthful example than those of the first three pictures mentioned is the subject of the large sketch. It is made from very pale pink China silk, set off by ruffled collar, cuffs and epaulettes. Cascades of tiny frills fall from the shoulders, and there are ruffles of coffee-colored lace at wrists and throat. The bodice is easily changed to a low one, with or without long sleeves, or the collar and sleeves now seen can be replaced by transparent ones.

A new and dainty form of blouse in surah silk is shown in the last picture. The jacket and shoulder frills are dark, and the frills of the sleeves are in colored silk. Narrow bands of black lace insertion trim the tasteful garment. Among the newest skirt models there is one which seems to hang from a close-fitting top yoke, but in which what looks like a yoke is a very short overskirt. It fits closely in front and at the back flares out in a boxpleat from beneath which the underskirt falls very full. To the discerning it is not necessary to point out that this favored boxpleat means, allowing some time for the development of the bustle. Undoubtedly a little fullness at the back from the waist line does give distinction and grace to a dress, if only women will not go to the extreme. But since they will not weather the hoopskirt

good. It may be brightened by a dash of contrasting color; for instance, a gown of chocolate serge is made with a round cape lined with brilliant scarlet cashmere. The bud and the young girl positively should not wear silks, velvets or broadcloths at any time, nor should her gowns be trimmed with fur, save perhaps an ermine "beattie" about her neck. She should never wear black unless in mourning. Her hats for the street are either natty, round, cloche affairs, or very large and simply trimmed capeline. Such cannot be too simply trimmed for the young girl, but for the bud a degree of picture queness may be allowed. Perhaps, the one upon whom the very least restriction falls is the young matron, and, by the way, a woman is a young matron as long as she retains her youthful figure, not even gray hair interfering if the face be young and the figure trim. She may wear broadcloths, velvets, silks and bolton-wrought tissues. All such heavy goods are cunningly combined with delicate lace, chiffon or tulle, the figure is trimly fitted and there is much detail. She may wear almost anything, but she must affect neither simplicity of material or cut; the p the bud may call her own. She may use all colors, but is likely to avoid extremes and shades of mauve. She will use fur profusely. She may follow the fashion to its extreme, and have eleven gowns to her skirt, and let her gown slip away off her shoulder if she will. She may wear her skirts "dancing length" whenever that suits her, or her gowns may spread on the floor at the back. She may adopt all daring devices and new fads of color and cut, but she must not wear velvet, mink, ermine or fur, and she must not wear broadcloths in rich deep colors.

Three models for the young matrons are those of the initial and the two following pictures. In the first of these is seen a lovely dinner dress of old-gold China silk, trimmed profusely and richly with cream lace, and having a very handsome flounce of the same about the bottom of the skirt. The

evening gown is in moire antique and of the off-shoulder cut now so stylish. Its satin corset is spangled and beaded and finished at the top with vandykes, and from it beaded strings hang in swags around the hips. The short puffed sleeves are from silk muslin. It has already been made clear that the young matron is very little restricted



AN OFF-SHOULDER BODICE

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they will probably escape anything but a pretty modification of the awful blue. Copyright, 1894.

TOILET HINTS. LACONIC for sunken cheeks is very effective. It should be rubbed into the pores of the skin just before retiring.

MIRROR OF MICHIGAN

FAITHFUL RECOUNTING OF HER LATEST NEWS.

Mourful Tragedy at Caro—Fire Threatens Pontwater's Business Center—Lapeer Doesn't Get the Home—Immigrant Inspection at State Border Discontinued.

Died on His Wedding Day.

After a continuous sleep of forty-eight hours George Burgess died at Caro, Mich., on his wedding day. For several months he had been engaged to Miss Desie Wickman, an estimable young lady. The trousseau was purchased and a date was fixed, but the bells that were to ring out joyfully in honor of the marriage were muffled, and they tolled for a premature death that was as strange as it was sad. Burgess had been to the dental parlors of Dr. Schuyler and had had his teeth extracted. Upon two previous occasions, Dr. Arnold says, the young man took chloroform, but this did not seem to produce the desired effect, so morphine was administered by Dr. Livingston. Burgess was under the influence of the drug, but a short time. There seemed to be no trouble. Two young men were aroused, paid his bill, and walked to his father's house in his usual health. In a few minutes he took to his bed, and from that time he remained unconscious except for a few minutes when he was aroused enough to take some nourishment. All efforts since that time to break the stupor were fruitless.

No State Inspection.

The State Board of Health has issued an order dispensing with the inspection of immigrants passing the Michigan line. The order is taken because Judge Steere, of the Court, has declared the Board's rules unconstitutional and this made the inspection inoperative. The order applies to Port Huron and Detroit as well as Saint Ignace, Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie. The appeal from Judge Steere's decision will, however, be pushed to the Supreme Court. The Board has decided to investigate the outbreak of scarlet fever in the School for the Deaf at Flint. There were twelve cases, all of which were mild.

Also Has a String.

The commission appointed by Gov. Rich to locate a site for the home for the feeble minded met in Lansing. The deeds for the property, donated to the State by the citizens of Lapeer, were not accepted, certain reservations having been made, notwithstanding the property having been accepted, and an option on a certain piece of adjoining property not being forthcoming. Secretary L. A. Sherman, of the commission, was voted \$6 a week with which to employ a clerk.

Pontwater in Danger.

A telephone message to Muskegon from Pontwater stated that for a time it was feared, the entire city would be burned. There was a heavy wind, and it swept the flames westward, and the flames succeeded in stopping them just before they reached the largest hotel there. A grist mill and two barns were burned, at an estimated loss of \$15,000, with the same insurance. Help was asked from surrounding places.

Poiled the Footpads.

At Hartford, footpads knocked H. L. Gleason down at his back door, but he got up and ran for them. As he fell near a small pile of straw, he slipped his pocketbook under the straw and then fought so desperately that the thieves were driven off. He had neglected to deposit his money in the bank, and had several hundred dollars with him.

Sleeping in the Jail.

Josephine Lady, or Lady, aged 18, arrived at Kalamazoo from Grand Rapids, and is held at the jail. She says her father is a man, manufacturer at Detroit and lives on Woodward avenue. She left home because she did not want to mind her father, and intended to go to Chicago, but has no money.

Appointed by the Governor.

Gov. Rich has appointed William R. Haviland, of Pequaing, Circuit Court Commissioner for Baraga County. The appointee was elected to the office last fall on account of his not having been admitted to the bar was not allowed to discharge the duties. Judge Hubbell has since given him a license to practice.

Mrs. Ketchum Convicted at Lansing.

Mrs. Catharine J. Ketchum, the Lansing ex-Woman's Christian Temperance Union worker, was convicted in the Circuit Court of sitting for an obnoxious picture for distribution. She was remanded for sentence. She will take the case to the Supreme Court.

Fred Went to State and Is Missing.

Fred Johnson, the 11-year-old son of John Johnson, left home at Lansing with a pair of skates under his arm, and has not since been seen. It is believed that he tried the ice on the river, which is in a very treacherous condition and has found a watery grave.

Record of the Week.

SAULT STE. MARIE MADE 700,000 cigars last year.

THREE buildings in Jessville, near Ironwood, burned to the ground. They were owned by Joseph Brego, whose loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

REV. DR. COBB, for eight years pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church at Grand Rapids, has surprised his congregation by sending in his resignation.

DELOS WETMORE, of St. Charles, was instantly killed by the bursting of the balance wheel on a feed box. He was cutting corn fodder. His head was mangled.

THE Monroe County Bible Society, which was organized in 1821, observed its 73d anniversary the other day.

AT the DeForest woodware manufacturing plant at Caro, Mich., W. Fisher was seriously injured that his survival is in doubt.

THE Sault Observer wants the old stage lines red so that the people of that village can come to Detroit and back the same day. Now, if they start at 11 o'clock they can arrive at Detroit at 6, or forty miles in seven hours.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, a farmer who lived near Millbrook, was thrown out of his wagon, and has since died from his injuries.

NINETY two years ago a spark from a train, Lansing and North, on locomotive, set fire to D. A. Bryant's planing mill, and it was destroyed. Mr. Bryant brought suit for \$15,000 damages, and a jury at Stanton awarded him \$4,000.

A NEW M. E. Church was dedicated at Peck.

KALAMAZOO will put in a city electric lighting plant at a cost of \$45,000. A DEERFIELD man got so mad at a cow that he filled her hide full of buckshot.

A FISH hatchery will be located at Frankfort for the purpose of hatching white fish.

ONE of the fourteen inmates at the Sanilac County poor farm, eleven are sick with la grippe.

A BAKER's union has been organized at Battle Creek. The city is fairly alive with labor unions.

DEARBORN's new union school building will be completed by Feb. 1. It cost \$18,000 and will accommodate 250 pupils.

HENRY HOWEN, an Adrian ice dealer, blundered twenty-five pairs of boots on a challenge and gave receipts to charity.

MRS. MARY JOY, of Essauville, just past 23, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. They don't know why she did it.

MARSHALL voted \$50,000 bonds to build a waterworks system of its own. The city could not get along with the private company.

ROLLO GELDISMA was fatally injured at Spring Lake by being thrown from a vehicle, his head striking a tree, his skull being fractured.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church Society, of Lapeer, will hold a series of revival meetings under the leadership of Elder Straut.

A YOUNG man named John Bigelow was run over and killed by a Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul freight train at Sagola, Iron County.

COAL and iron has been struck at Sault Ste. Marie, within 30 miles of Detroit. The ore is 100 feet thick, and is said to be of good quality.

A NEGATIVE man who keeps a diary has shown that it has snowed more or less every day for 35 days at a time. Snow five feet on a level in that region.

J. H. MILLER, of Ypsilanti, was kicking over a pair of old rubbers the other day when a small pebble rolled out. It proved to be a valuable diamond stone.

THE Board of Supervisors of Benzie county, have decided to submit the question of the adoption of the county road system to the people at the spring election.

LANSING has a private telephone line, "You please Ladies," are saving time. They ring up their neighbors, and then run over and see if the message arrived.

SOME nefarious thieves stole a haystack bodily from the farm of James Ford, near Battle Creek. Farmers are preparing to anchor down their barns and houses.

THEY have no half-way thieves at Muskegon. Some wicked men entered a collection shop the other night and literally left the place bare. Not a far of candy was left in the shop.

GRAND RAPIDS cigarmakers are trying to cut the scale of wages. They say the wages in that city are much higher than in other Michigan towns, owing to discrimination by the union.

FRED RATZEL, an Eastlake lad of 14 years, attempted to step upon the footboard of a switching locomotive in the yards at that place, fell, and one of his legs was cut off. He subsequently died from the shock.

THE residence of William H. Storm, at Midland, was destroyed by fire, and Storm, his wife and baby, and Mrs. Storm, and her son barely escaped.

A JAR of candy was left in the shop. THE loss is \$1,750, with \$300 insurance.

MAHON HIMES and Joseph Young, little chaps near Adrian, were cutting wood. Himes' chips struck Young, whereupon the latter boy struck Himes over the head with an ax. There is a hole in Himes' head.

A boy from Baraga County had a tooth pulled, and shortly after it was out the cavity began bleeding profusely. It took the doctor several hours to check the flow of blood, and the boy is now in a critical condition.

THE Caro electric light works are doing a rushing business. They light about 800 incandescent and arc lights on the streets, and so much power is required that a new 70-horse power engine is being put in.

SOUTH LYON's pool room has been closed by the Council. The proprietor, however, intends making it a card room for the accommodation of the boys, which will require another ordinance from the pious Council.

GEORGE OSSLER, an Adrian young man, who has fits of insanity, visited a Neighbor Betz' house the other night and made a murderous assault on Mrs. Betz. The husband and son, however, the man and saved the woman's life.

MRS. LUCY WAGNER, a Porterville couple, upon a lamp and her clothing was soon ablaze. Her foot was so badly burned before neighbors could put out the flames that the flesh came off. She will probably die of her injuries.

ENGINEER WOOLLEY was released at Battle Creek, and the charge of manslaughter for causing the railroad wreck as that place dismissed. The prosecuting attorney believed it would be impossible to convict him, as Conductor Scott had been acquitted.

BEFORE he was taken to Jackson James Clifford Hand, the convicted murderer of Jay Palmer, of Ypsilanti, broke down completely, weeping and protesting his innocence. The parting with his wife was dramatic, the woman fainting in the cell. Hand said he knew nothing about the murder, but he knew of some pretty strong indications against a prominent Ypsilanti. Palmer, he said, was his friend. He never realized that he was in danger or that anyone ever believed he was guilty. Some of the witnesses, he charged, perjured themselves. When Turkey McCabe started to take him to Jackson, he exclaimed: "My God, Pat, kill me. I'd rather be in my grave." The two trials of Hand have cost the county about \$5,000.

MRS. MILES MCKENDRICK, 60 years old, was murdered in her home in South Grand Rapids Tuesday morning. The murder was the work of robbers, who seemed about \$70 which the McKendricks had in the house. The body of the woman was found in her kitchen, bound hand and foot. She had been strangled so tightly that she had slowly strangled to death. Mr. McKendrick, who is employed by the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, left home at 6:30 in the morning for his work, and in the order was committed shortly after that time. The police have no definite clue.

THE Big Rapids Opera House has again changed hands, and E. M. Stiles, new steps down in favor of John Herley, of Grand Rapids, a former owner.

THAT MISSING DAY.

The Equator Is Humdrum Compared with the Imaginary Line in the Pacific.

A question which has often been asked but rarely answered satisfactorily is: How far would one have to go around the earth, moving east or west, and supposing no time lost in transition, before one would reach the point where to-day changes into yesterday or to-morrow? Evidently there must be such a point somewhere, for an hour is lost every 15 degrees one goes to the east, and an hour gained every 15 degrees one goes to the west.

To put the question in another way, suppose it is one minute past midnight in Paris—the morning of Oct. 1, what day is it at that moment at the antipodes of Paris? Is it Oct. 1 or Sept. 30?

Apparently one can prove that it is either of these days by making an instantaneous journey half way around the earth, either to the east, or to the west.

Going east, at the moment the Paris clocks point to a minute past midnight it is approximately 1 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 1 at Vienna, 2 o'clock of the same day at Sebastopol, 3 o'clock at Astrakhan, 4 o'clock at Bokhara, 7 o'clock at Saigon, 9 o'clock at Yokohama, 11 o'clock at Pine Island, and noon at Fortune Island—the 1st of October at every point.

On the other hand, going westward one finds that it is 10 o'clock in the evening of Sept. 30 at the Azores Islands, 8 o'clock in the evening at Buenos Ayres, 7 o'clock at New York, 6 o'clock at New Orleans, 5 o'clock at Mexico City, 4 o'clock in the afternoon near the Aleutian Islands, and noon at Fortune Islands—the date being Sept. 30 in each case.

Thus one has demonstrated that it is noon of Oct. 1 and noon of Sept. 30 at the same place and at the same time.

This would certainly be embarrassing to the good people of Fortune Island; and in order to avoid such complications and relieve well-meaning islanders in the Pacific from mixing up their Saturday and Sunday in hopeless fashion an arbitrary line separating to-day from yesterday or to-morrow has been agreed upon by the navigators of civilized nations.

This line has been drawn to avoid touching land. No one can be exactly sure of the moment of passing it, but the line runs just east of New Hebrides and the New Caledonian groups and passes near the Marion Islands and Caroline Islands.

Captains of vessels, judging by the positions of the islands mentioned, can fix the date within a few minutes.

Vessels sailing from west to east on passing this imaginary line simply repeat the day before on their log books, which consequently show two days bearing the same date.

On the other hand, ships going in the opposite direction skip the to-morrow and lose a day entirely. In the first case the sailors get an extra day's pay; in the second place they lose a day's pay.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that when Paris clocks indicate a minute past midnight on Oct. 1 it is Oct. 1 going east as far as the imaginary line just indicated, while it is Sept. 30 going west up to the same line.—Boston Globe.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death. A man died in New Jersey recently, says the Weekly World, who was worth \$100,000 and had no near relatives. About an hour before his death he asked for a workman, who occupied a small home on his place. The physician and nurse surmised that he was about to give the little home to the workman who has proved faithful for many years. But when the man appeared, his dying landlord said to him: "You only paid me \$1 on the last rent, and in case I die I want to have things straight, you know, so I'd like you to pay the other two dollars." The money was paid, and a few minutes after clutching it the rich man passed away, apparently happy.

That is the whole story as it comes to us through the newspapers, but it certainly is not the end of the story. We will not know the result until the veil which shrouds the future from our vision shall have been lifted; but it is awful to think of this rich man going to meet the Judge of all the earth with these two dollars in his hand.

Yet there was nothing amiss with the manner of this man's death, if judged by the ideas, current among rich church members in regard to the right and responsibilities associated with the possession of wealth. For this man only claimed his own and got it. The only thing that suggests a thought of danger in connection with these two dollars is the solemn warning given to us by the Judge that he will hold us accountable to a higher standard of righteousness than that which prevails among us. Speaking of a certain rich man who had used his riches as if they were altogether his own, he said:

"The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment."

Let those who have been intrusted with any measure of worldly prosperity remember that God has made them in an especial manner their brother's keeper, and that they must expect to die just as they live, and to carry with them to the judgment seat the characters that they have built up in their daily lives.

A Question of Location. As a train drew into the Waldoboro depot a lady with an armful of bundles stepped into the car aisle. Just then the door at one end of the car opened and the brakeman said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. No correspondence will be published unless the name and address of the writer are given, and the name and address of the writer are given, and the name and address of the writer are given.

Why should a man shave a gold eagle when there are so many other things going whistling?

JOHN is beginning to register under the amended Geary law. He doesn't want to leave the Mexican man.

THIRTY-FIVE years each for the four train-robbers who piled their trade at Duval, Texas, a few days ago. Good!

THE man who wrote "Empty Is the Cradle, Baby's Gone," has just departed this life. We hope his chance of resurrection is better than the time.

IN Northfield, Minn., one man is suing another on a fulfilled contract to furnish him a wife. The unwillingness to settle is accounted for by the statement that the marriage took place six years ago.

ANOTHER boy lost his hand while playing with a dynamite cartridge. The boy who opens a dynamite cartridge, under the impression that it is full of brown sugar will find that it is not what it is cracked up to be.

IT appears to be the prevailing newspaper sentiment that the Chicago dentist whom the footpads relieved of two sets of customers' teeth had no business to be carrying them about with him. They were not his own teeth.

SOCRATES was pronounced by the oracle Delphos to be the wisest man in Greece, which he would turn from himself ironically, saying there could be nothing in him to verify the oracle except this, that he was not wise and knew it, and others were not wise and knew it not.

THERE is often a duty of secrecy where no definite promise has been exacted. We are not sensitive enough or delicate enough in this respect. We sometimes say, "It was not told to me in confidence," when a very little reflection would show us that such was intended and taken for granted.

KATE SANBORN, who usually says very pertinent things when she talks, has made a few remarks concerning women's clubs. Of the papers read at the meeting she says: "These efforts are usually too long-winded and too labored. They are too exhaustive, usually going back to the beginning of the world to explain the present subject. There is too much of everything in women's clubs but fresh air, elbow room, and sincere altruism."

IT is always interesting to know what other people think of us, hence American girls will read with interest such items as these from the London Queen: "The American girl, always on the alert for something new, has devised a scheme of having several handkerchiefs for her umbrella or parasol. They match her different gowns, and she screws them on and off at will." It is also interesting to learn that "chrysanthemums are no longer fashionable, only roses and violets."

THE irresponsible person who inserted a "fake ad" in a Chicago paper calling for 2,000 men to work when there was no work for them, may have thought he was perpetrating the joke of the season, but he was not. He was toying with suffering and playing with destitution, laughing at Despondency and making merry with Want. No language is strong enough to express one's feeling of contempt for the wretch, and it is a pity that there is no law covering such a crime.

MARION CRAWFORD points out a strange note of Oriental art in his recent papers on "Constantinople in Scribner's Magazine." The religion of the Oriental forbids graven images, so that sculpture, painting, and some of the decorative part of architecture are heretical in his eyes. His music is undeveloped. But his inborn, artistic talent expends itself in other ways. He takes a keen delight in penmanship, for which the scrawled Arabic characters offer peculiar opportunities. His fingers are the supplest in the world for lace, embroidery, carving of certain kinds, and the weaving of colored fabrics.

OF the deadly trolley in Brooklyn the New York Recorder says: "No man's life over there is safe. No woman's life is safe. When a resident of our sister-city leaves his home, morning, noon, or night, he cannot tell, if it is his misfortune to live near a trolley line, whether he will return to that home alive. No woman can leave her home and say with certainty that she will return to it. No mother can send her children to school or to church without a shudder at the thought, if they have to cross a trolley's tracks, that they may be brought back to her mangled almost beyond recognition."

NEW YORK has an absurd law, making an unsuccessful attempt at suicide a crime punishable by two years' imprisonment. Doubtless the framers of this law thought it would discourage attempts at suicide, but it is reasonably certain that it never has. Few or no commitments under this law have been reported. There is, indeed, good reason for not trying to enforce the law, for should at-

tempted suicides be punished the effect might be to cause them to make greater exertions, and thus place themselves beyond the reach of human justice. Besides, in most cases the suicide becomes such through wavering of reason, and in cases of insanity the law holds the man or woman so afflicted to be not responsible for what under other circumstances would become criminal actions.

THE interest in the Monson trial throughout Great Britain has called anew attention to the peculiarities that mark the administration of law and justice in "the land of cakes." In Scotland the jury is made up of fifteen instead of twelve, and, according to Scotch law, they need not be unanimous in their verdict, a bare majority sufficing. The jurors are not limited to a choice between one of two verdicts. They may find a prisoner guilty or not guilty. They may likewise return a verdict of "not proven." This latter does not, of course, clear the character of the accused, but it liberates him and removes the possibility of further trial. Many a jury of twelve good men and true on this side of the Atlantic would have been glad if Scotch law had ruled here and permitted them to return a verdict of "not proven" instead of "not guilty."

LAND is not so dirt cheap in America as it was when Lord Baltimore's company bought thousands of acres of fine ground for less than that number of glass beads, including the site of the city of Christiana, "for which was paid one iron kettle of the bigness of five quarts or thereabouts." Roger Williams bought Rhode Island for "forty fathoms of white beads, strung," and it is only about 255 years since the site of New Haven, Conn., was bought for twelve coats of English cloth, twelve spoons of mixed metal, twelve hoes, twelve hatchets, twelve porringers, twenty-four knives, and some French knives and spoons. Probably the only business transaction on record that beat these, and is not American, was the purchase of Esau's birthright for a mess of pottage. And somebody has said that if Jacob had been an American he would have done better than he did. Instead of lavishly paying Esau "pottage down," he would have owed it to him.

THE great State of Pennsylvania is worried over the expense account of Mr. Farquhar, Executive Commissioner of the Keystone State at the World's Fair. In his bill Mr. Farquhar charges up \$3 "for riding in the intramural railroad when my feet were sore." This has evoked no end of clamor and criticism throughout the State. One paper insists upon knowing why the State didn't appoint a chiropodist on the commission. Another declares that all future commissioners must have two wooden legs. A third wants to know why Mr. Farquhar didn't buy a bicycle, and the \$8 item seems likely to be a State issue in the next election. None of these editors visited the World's Fair. If they had, done so the recollection of the macadamized roadways would have made them pause before becoming facetious at Mr. Farquhar's expense. No man who bathed his feet with mustard liniment after a day's tramp over these muscle-cracking paths has any inclination to get funny at the remembrance.

THERE is one industry which, although it certainly cannot be said to have been neglected, has not been systematically enough pursued, and upon whose village too many unqualified persons have poached. And that is, the funny story industry. To be able to tell a story well is almost as great an art as to be able to know when not to tell it, and your true raconteur possesses both accomplishments. There are few of this species, and many a man has been lured on to social ruin by a falsely acquired reputation as a raconteur as well as a liability to relate a story when it is not wanted. He once told something, possibly under favorable auspices, which "took," the company may have been so ineffably dull as to make anything seem bright by comparison; he may have struck a party not one of whose members had ever heard the story before—a rare combination of circumstances, indeed—or he may have learned the thing from some good story-teller by heart and rehearsed until he was letter-perfect. It is a capital story, he tells it again and again, is known by it, and, walking up one after dinner time to find it threadbare, starts a new one. He has rushed on his fate and becomes a complete, first-class bore.

AN Unfeeling Husband. At the recent banquet of the Commercial Exchange Mayor Coward told a story which no one seemed to have heard before. "During the recent financial panic," he said, "a certain man, like many others, found one night that his real estate was unsalable, his firm bankrupt, and his money locked up in a suspended bank. In deepest despondency he walked slowly home and greeted the companion of his joys and sorrows. 'Mary,' he said, 'I'm flat busted. So's the bank. So's the firm. I've lost my money, and my house, and everything—everything.' 'No, no, John,' cried the loving wife as she cast herself upon his breast—'not everything. You haven't lost me.' 'That's so, Mary,' said the unfeeling brute—that's so. I never reckoned that any of the liabilities would get away.'—Kansas City Times.

WHEN a man is anxious to wed, but hasn't got the necessary \$1.50 for a license, it looks as if he were marrying for a home.

FAME is a fraud which is never discovered by those who have achieved it until after they are dead.

MARYLAND'S CAPITAL.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CITY OF ANNAPOLIS.

Founded in 1649 by Refugee Puritans. It Was Offered to Congress as the National Seat—"The Finished City"—Reminiscences European Town.

A Dull and Stupid Place. One of the most old-fashioned towns of the United States is Annapolis, the capital of Maryland. Long before Baltimore had become noted, Annapolis was the seat of wealth, refinement, and extensive trade. Now it is chiefly important as the site of the Naval Academy. It was formerly a port of entry and has many beautiful bridges, though they are very antique. From the peculiar style of architecture it gives to the stranger the impression of a European town rather than of an American city. The population is small, and none of the most sanguine hope it will ever be much larger. The city has been regrettably, though appropriately, styled by the inhabitants, "The finished city." There remains nothing to linger over but its agreeable traditions.

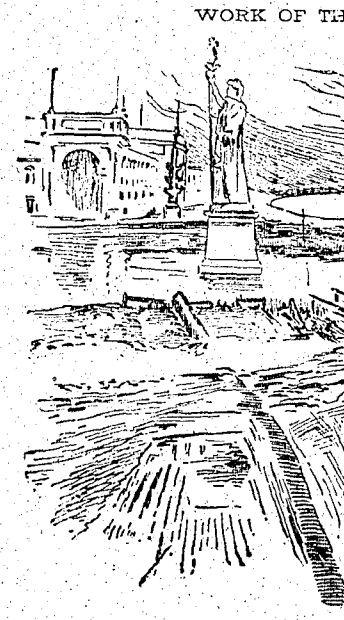
Annapolis, says the Utica Globe, was settled in 1649 by Puritan refugees from Virginia, and was at first called Providence. The next year the name was changed to Anne Arundel town, then it was changed back to Providence, and was not called Annapolis until about the time of its incorporation as a city in 1798. It was named for Queen Anne.

ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES IN THE CITY. who made it some valuable presents. After the revolution Maryland offered to cede Annapolis to the general government as the federal capital. During the negotiations for a permanent site, it was resolved in 1783 that Congress should meet alternately at Annapolis and Trenton, the first session to be held at Annapolis. It was at this session that Washington surrendered his commission as commander-in-chief, December 23, 1783. Some Old Landmarks. The Annapolis of to-day is a very dull and stupid place. Nearly everybody retires at 10 o'clock, and the most important news is allowed to "keep" till morning. Nothing could be more monotonous than the daily current of life. The colored folk lounge about in the manner of their

race, and the white population have much the same drowsiness, the same absence of hurry, the almost complete leisure which is met with in the Latin countries of the South. Family pride is very strong, and counts for more than wealth. The names of Chase and Brice, of whom Chase House and Brice House stand as memorials, are honored in the annals of Maryland. James Brice was mayor of Annapolis when, in 1783, the corporation met and gave the memorials welcome to Gen. Greene and suite. Samuel Chase was one of the four signers from the State of the

Declaration of Independence. The Stewarts were another prominent family. One of the most notable incidents in American history was the burning of the brig "Peggy Stewart," in the Revolutionary War.

THE BRICK HOUSE.



THE BRICK HOUSE.



The celebration of Mr. Gladstone's 84th birthday, with that distinguished statesman enjoying not only good health, but practically unimpaired mental vigor, is a sufficiently noteworthy event; but when it is remembered that the veteran statesman is, at his advanced age, at the head of the government of the British empire, the most important ministerial and executive post in Europe, the event becomes of sufficient importance to astonish the world. Although it cannot be claimed by the most ardent admirers of the Grand Old Man that his powers are as great as they were in his prime, or his political strength is irresistible, still there can be no question but that he is still head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, and his hold upon the party following is more absolute than that possessed by any political leader of the present time. The victory won before the British electors a year ago, and the mastery manner in which the Irish Home Rule bill was forced through the House of Commons, are achievements of which the greatest popular leader might have been proud; and when it is remembered that Gladstone accomplished these feats after he had passed his 83d year, the achievements become simply wonderful. Despite his advanced age, Mr. Gladstone's present vigorous health holds out the hope that he will still be able to lead the English Liberals for many years longer.

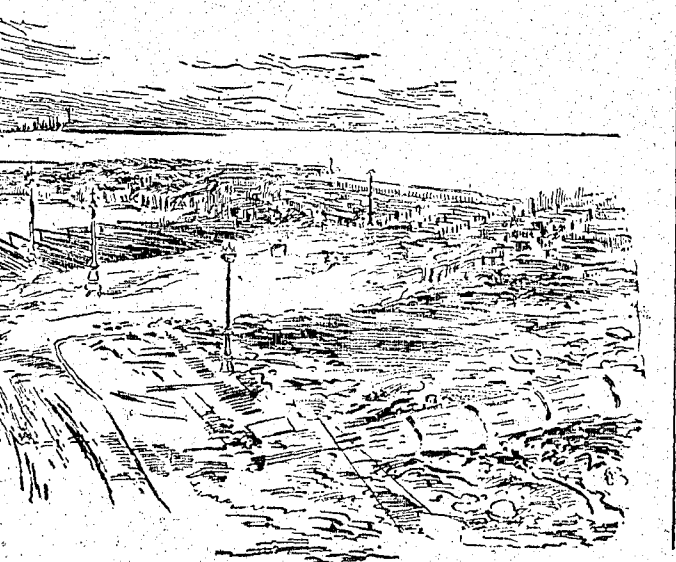
THE town might, in fact, be almost forgotten; were it not for the naval academy, whose officers mingle freely in society. The Saturday night hops are among the most enjoyable features of the season. The cadet, it is needless to say, is the Annapolis pet. At the close of the scholastic year comes the cadets' ball, which is the great event of the season, and attracts the young women of Washington and Baltimore, and even Philadelphia and New York. St. Mary's Seminary and St. John's College are also located in Annapolis, and are quite noted institutions. St. John's College green was used during the revolutionary war as the encampment for the French army and for the same purpose by the American army in the war of 1812.

Puzzles for Fatherfamilies. It is during the long winter evenings that the average head of the family wonders if he ever did learn anything at school, and his children become more and more awe-inspiring comments the Toledo Commercial. This is the case, at least, if he is a model father, and endeavors to assist the nightly studying which well-ordered youngsters struggle with after supper. In the light of his own business experiences, however, it does seem to him a little ridiculous that such astonishing complications should be turned over for solution by the tender intellect of a thirteen-year-old, and down deep in his heart he dreads grappling with such a problem as: "If seven men can build ten rods of fence in sixteen days, how long will it take thirteen men to build twenty-seven rods in forty-two days?"

Horace Greeley and His Bride. "When he was first married and brought his bride home on a visit," said an old acquaintance, "a sugar party was given in his honor on a neighboring farm. All the guests had arrived, and we were looking out, watching for the belated bride and groom. At last we saw something appearing in the distance. As this same object came nearer we discovered it was the old white horse of the Greeleys, slowly picking his way through the mud. On his back sat the bride in a brilliant yellow frock, with a green velvet belt, and behind her, wrapped in his famous white overcoat, sat the editor of the New York Tribune. It was the funniest sight I ever saw and set us off in fits of laughing. I remember," continued my informant, laughing again at her recollection, "that I simply lay down and rolled upon the floor in a spasmodic fit of mirth."

ONE growing objection to incarcerating the bold thieves of this day is the fear that they will carry off some valuable parts of the jail.—Chicago Record.

JAGSON says the only way to elevate the stage is to lower the curtain.



WORK OF THE FIRE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

God's Covenant with Noah. The lesson for Sunday, January 28, may be found in Gen. 9:8-17.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark," said the Lord. It is a close call to us all to-day. To the teacher with a portion of his class saved; to the pastor with but a remnant of the community which he serves in the gospel; to peace with God to the parent with only a portion of his household in the ark of safety. O this lesson to-day ought to be a Becham, a place of weeping for souls, and a place of wrestling with God for their salvation. Such agony means presently bursting clouds of refreshing. The entire Baptist pastorate of one of our large cities met for all-day prayer at one of the churches the other day. These who cry voice the prayers of all "O, for a heart to serve my God; a heart from sin set free," and this: "My people, O my people! these sheep!" Then they went back to their flocks. Will that agonious cry be answered?

POINTS IN THE LESSON. "The heavens declare"—God's nature, pure. Noah was a preacher of righteousness. Noah is dead. But there stands the bow! It preaches still. Yes, think and thank. To the per- everly impenitent there comes an- other overwhelming flood. To those who seek the Lord there shall be no more sin. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. God is good, and God will keep his covenant forever.

But, mark you, it is a covenant. That requires two parties: God and you. "Who are kept," says Peter, "by the power of God's promise through faith," my part. How can one who has no trust in God, lift up an appealing cry to God, expect his mercy? Where is saving aside from the blood?

What says the bow in the clouds? Does it preach mercy? It preaches judgment, too. Like the cross, it tells God's hatred of sin as well as his love for sinners. When you see the rainbow think of the wrathful, all-engulfing flood. Think and tremble. Covenant in its original significance means cutting, referring to the severed portions of the sacrifice. It was the ancient custom for those who made mutual covenant to pass between the pieces of the slain offering. Was it more than that? The ant in its side at the parting, as it were, between soul and body, that God typically made covenant with us? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten." And it was from the foundation of the world. "Lift the cross!"

THINKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS. This lesson comes to many in the midst of revival. With all of us it ought to mean a "refreshing from on high," it ought to usher in an awakening. "I will remember my covenant," says Jehovah God. There is the plain word. Now the question to put is: Have you made a covenant with God? The covenant of grace here intimated? If not, what are your prospects, what is your hope for the future? Make this lesson a very direct and personal one. The Scandinavians looked at the bow, and thought they saw in it a bridge to join the earth and the skies. It is a bridge for those who keep his covenant. "To the finally unbelieving it shall gleam and broaden, a brilliant cleft now into the 'great rift fixed' betwixt wretchedness and joy."

The story of the Flood is a universal tradition among all branches of the human family, with the one exception, as Leonard tells us, of the black. Their primitive version may yet be found. Each story is colored by local characteristics and exaggerated according to national idiosyncrasies. Here evidently is a simple Bible account we have "original from which all of the e- legendary tales have sprung."

Notes some of these. The Mexicans tell of such a flood and of a humming-bird sent out from the surviving ship to bring back a branch with leaves in its beak. The Indians of Babylon (about 200 B. C.) give accounts of an ancient Flood singularly like unto that found in the Scriptures. The Noah of Berossus (Xisuthros) asking which way to stem his strange craft was told to direct his way toward the goddess.

Questions may be raised regarding the extent of the Deluge and the form of the ark. It is not necessary to suppose that the flood extended beyond the then inhabited portion of the globe, the Arabian basin and its environs. As to the vessel used, the Dutch nations made a practical test of the ark-shaped boat and having found, much to the surprise of ship-builders, that it could carry a ton more freight than other crafts and required less care in its management, they built many boats after its pattern only abandoning them (1621) when cannon came into service. The ark was not built for war.

Next Lesson.—Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.—Gen. 12:1-13.

CAPACITY OF BOXES. A box, 4 feet 7 inches long, 2 feet 4 inches wide, 2 feet 4 inches deep, holds 20 bushels; a box 24 in. x 16 in. x 28 in., 5 bushels; box, inches, 24x11.2x8, 1 bushel; box, inches, 12x11.2x8, 1 bushel; box, inches, 8x8.4x8, 1 peck; box, inches, 8x8.4x2, 1 gallon; box, inches, 4x14.2x1 quart. A cylinder, 18 inches inside diameter, 8 inches deep, contains United States standard bushel. Any box containing the same number of cubic inches will hold same quantity as above sizes. It is obvious that a box holding any portion or multiple of above quantities, divide or multiply any one dimension of the box accordingly.

What Is a Creole? Strictly speaking, a Creole is a person born in this country of foreign parents. The word comes from the Spanish Criollo, meaning offspring, child, and because of its Spanish origin the word Creole has been restricted in use; first, to children born in Louisiana to foreign parents; and second, to such children born to Spanish or French parents. So we speak of Spanish Creoles and French Creoles. In the North the idea is prevalent that a Creole has negro blood. But it is entirely wrong.

HE ADMIRABLE COURAGE.

A few weeks ago there died in Adrianople one of the most famous and original of the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey. He was Hadshi Achmed Izet, Pasha Governor General of the vilayet, or province, bordering on the Black Sea. Hadshi Achmed was an ideal Turk of the old school, says the San Francisco Chronicle—a strange mixture of Solomon-like wisdom and childish foolishness, energy and apathy, cruelty and mercy, truth and deceit, generosity and avarice. In the eyes of his ruler and contemporaries he was a hero, and it was with a purpose clear to many that his majesty appointed him Governor General of Adrianople and kept him for so many years at the head of that important province—the gateway to the Ottoman empire. The Pasha was born more than ninety years ago, and rapidly climbed to places commensurate with his name and the influence of his family. At the time of his death he was the Dean of the Turkish Viziers. Almost countless are the anecdotes told of the Pasha, who was known and respected from the Turkish Dan to the Turkish Beersheba. His hatred of the "Christian dogs," as he always called the people of the West, was boundless. It was invariably his custom, when force of circumstances obliged him to give his hand to a "dog," to wash it, upon withdrawal, while in the presence of his guest. It is said that Hadshi Izet laid aside his habit once. One day a Consul of one of the greatest European countries was obliged to seek an audience with the Sultan's lieutenant in governmental affairs. He had already been insulted once by the Pasha washing his hands after the greeting, and determined that he should not be so treated a second time. The Consul was a thorough master of the Turkish tongue, and for this reason had a great advantage over many of his colleagues. When the servants of Hadshi Izet received him at the palace threshold he spoke as follows in a voice which he knew would reach the ears of the Governor in his office nearby: "Go and tell my master that I wish to speak to him. Say to him that I shall also do him the honor to give him my hand, but shall crack my hat over his ears in case he attempts to wash his hands after shaking mine."

The servant started away to announce the visitor to his master. But the Governor had already heard the message and came smiling toward the darling Consul. When he placed his right hand in that of the foreign representative he said: "That was right. You please me, effendi. You, at least, have courage." The hands were not washed until the Consul had left the palace. The incident gave him notoriety in the consular corps at Adrianople.

Wanted the Bell to Ring. A little missionary church was being built in a Western town, says the Home Missionary, and Mr. Plumb, one of the active workers, or perhaps the missionary himself, had occasion to go into blacksmith's shop to get some rods. The blacksmith was a Bohemian who could not speak a word of English, and another old Bohemian, Pete by name, was called in as interpreter.

After Mr. Plumb's business with the blacksmith had been attended to Pete entered into conversation with his own account. "What, would call him, eh—goes boom—boom?" he asked, motioning with his hand in the direction of the church. "Bell," said Mr. Plumb. "Bell, yes, yes," said the Bohemian. "Well, I like to hear that bell, makes me think of my home—my mother. Old heathen, old sinner I am, but I got some children. I want to hear that bell ring three times every day—morning, noon, night—for my children. I gift ten dollars—seven dollars to man to ring dat bell, and tree dollars for wear and tear of the bell."

Nautical Mile and Knot. A nautical mile, otherwise known as an admiralty mile or a knot, is 6,080 feet. It is one-sixtieth of a degree of latitude. It is called a knot for this reason: The old log of a ship was composed of a float of wood, to which was attached a cord coiled on an east-running spindle. The float was thrown overboard and a half minute sand glass was turned. The cord, which was divided into sections by knots of different colored rope, ran free until the half minute was up, when the spindle was stopped and the cord hauled inboard. The cord was so divided by knots that this proportion existed: As one half minute is to one hour, so is the number of knots paid out in half a minute to the number of miles sailed in an hour. So as each knot on the log-line represented a mile, it came about easily that the mile should be called a knot; and so it is.

Speaking of Laconics. The Listener has heard a characteristic example of Yankee village talk which has a certain folk-lore value, in spite of its profanity—perhaps on account of it. A fellow in the village had gone West, with a little money in his pocket, intending to accomplish wonderful things. A few weeks afterwards he returns to the village out of pocket. Directly after his appearance one villager meets another in the street, and the following conversation ensues: "Bill's got home, 'gosh." "Has he 'gosh?" "Yes, 'gosh." "Well, 'gosh."—Boston Transcript.

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